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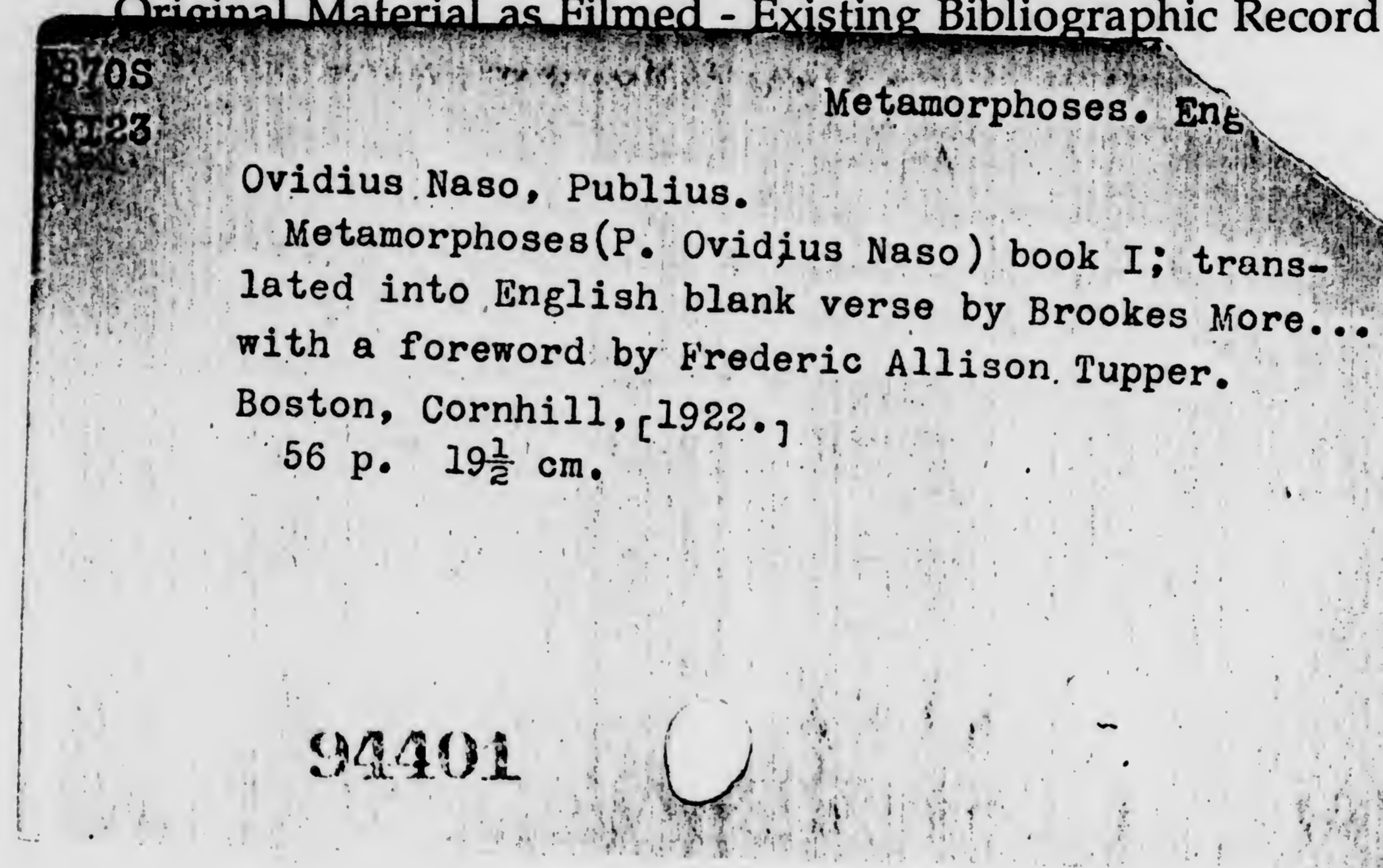
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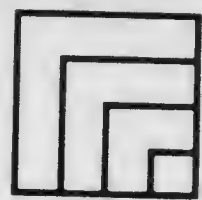
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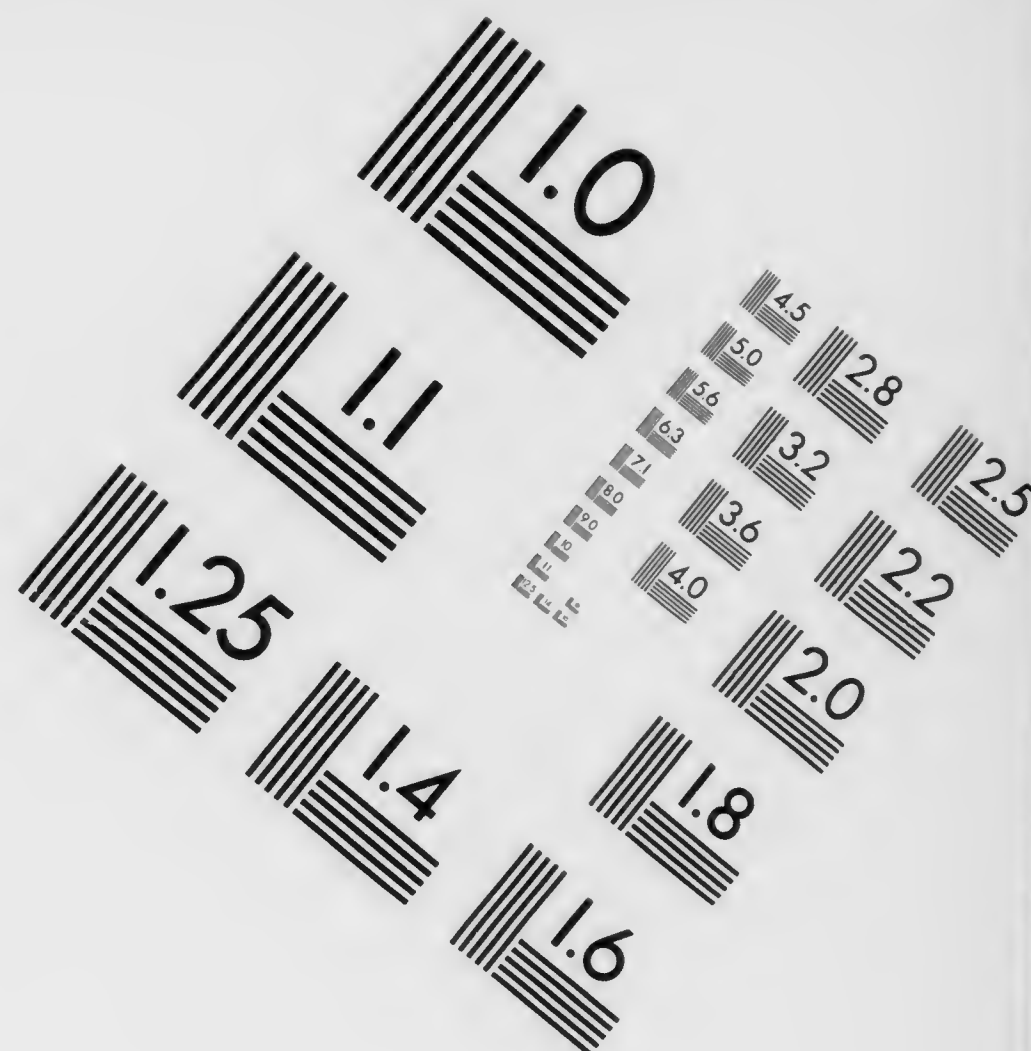
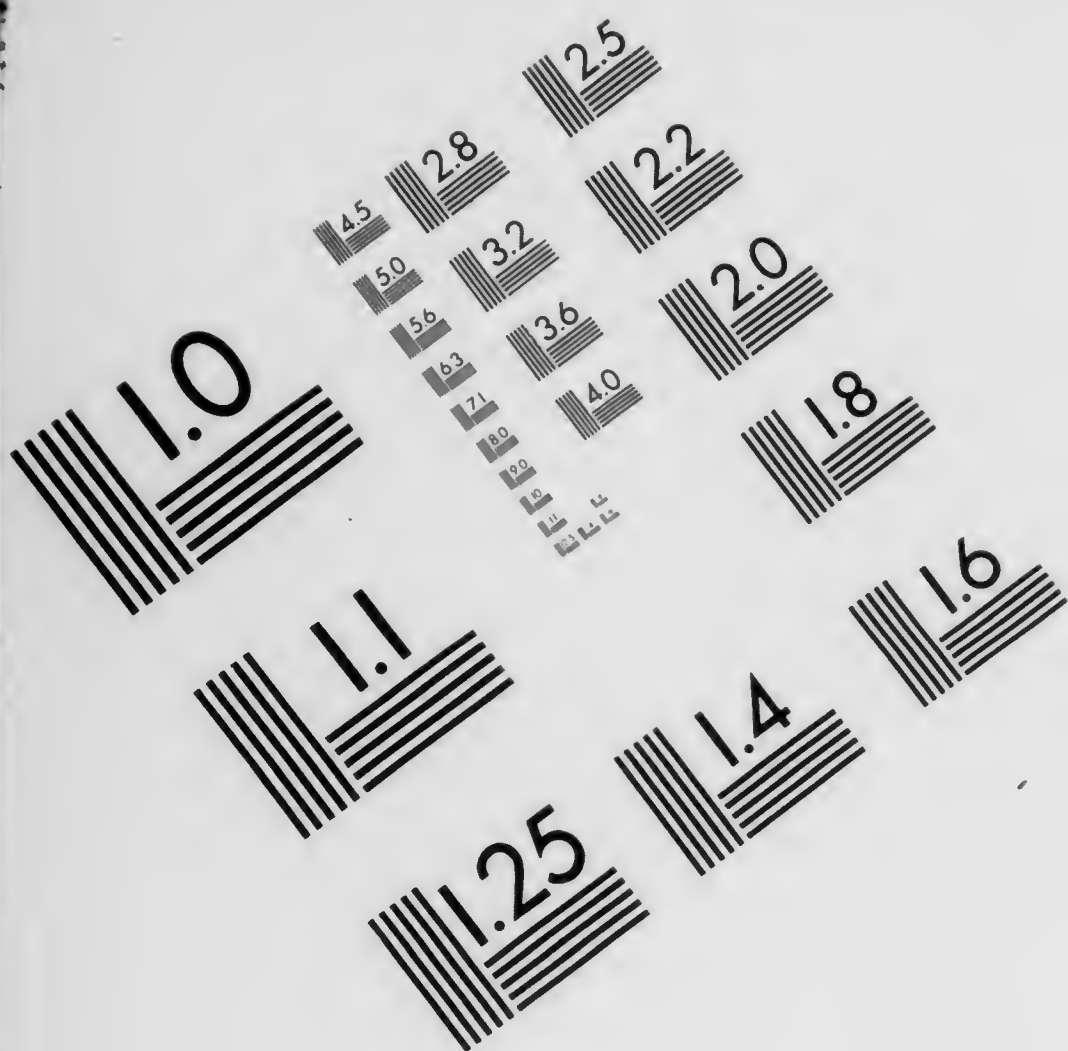


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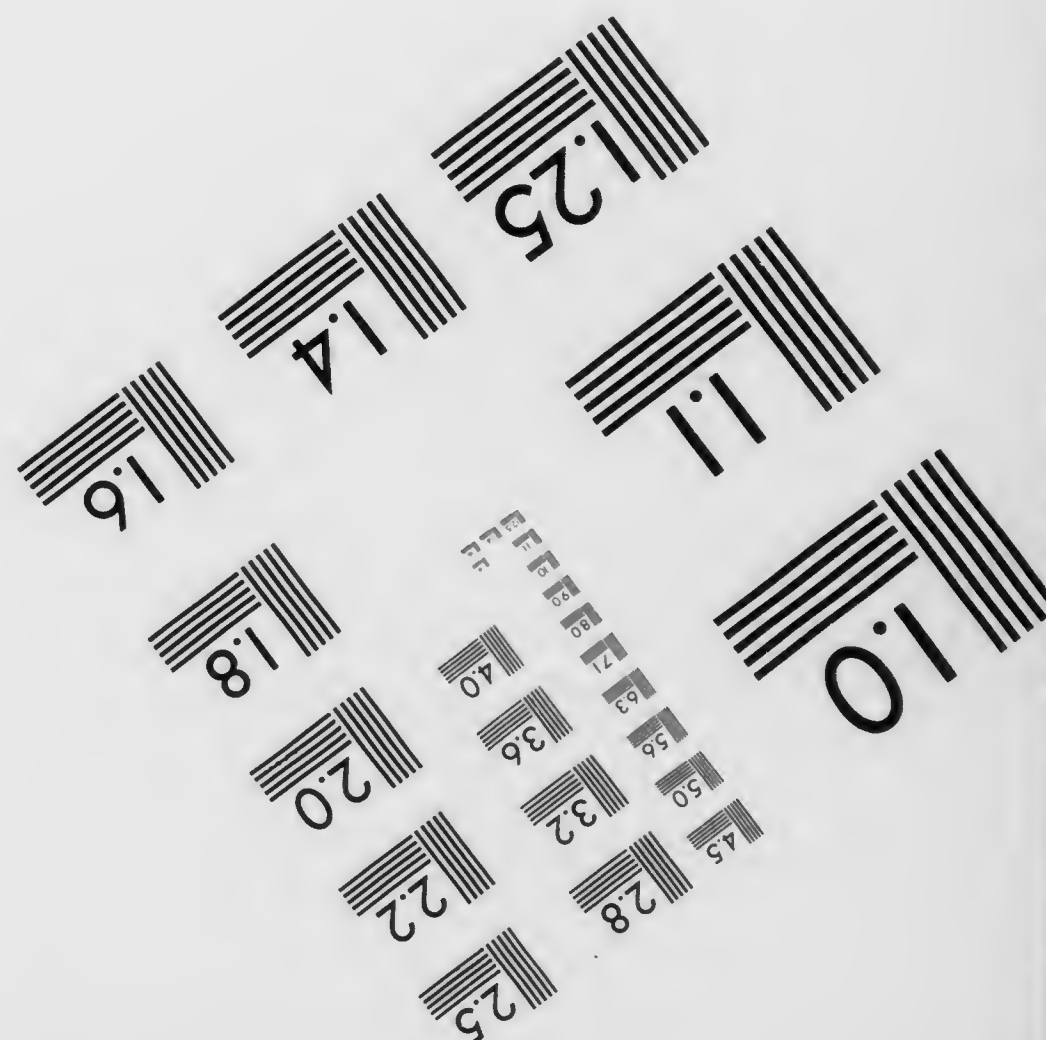
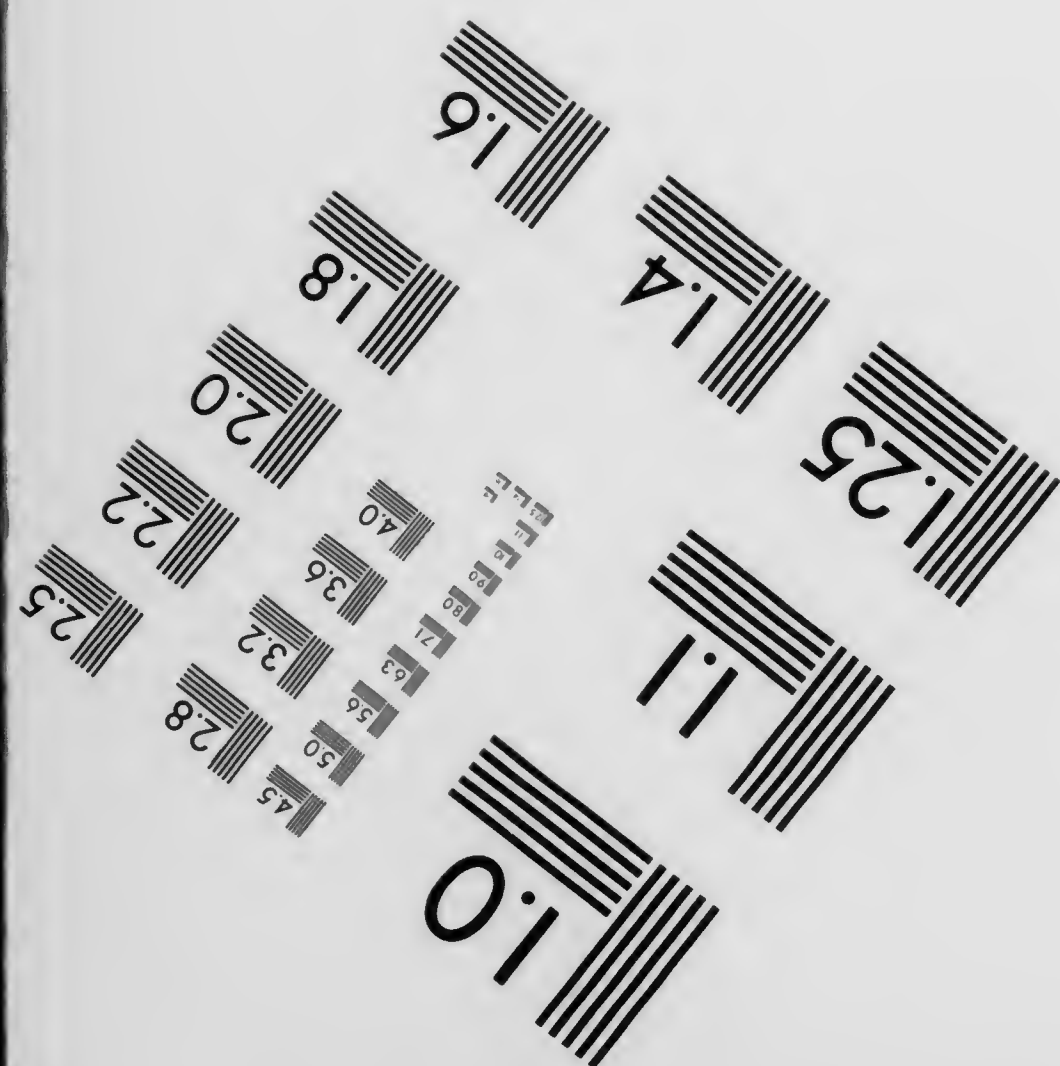
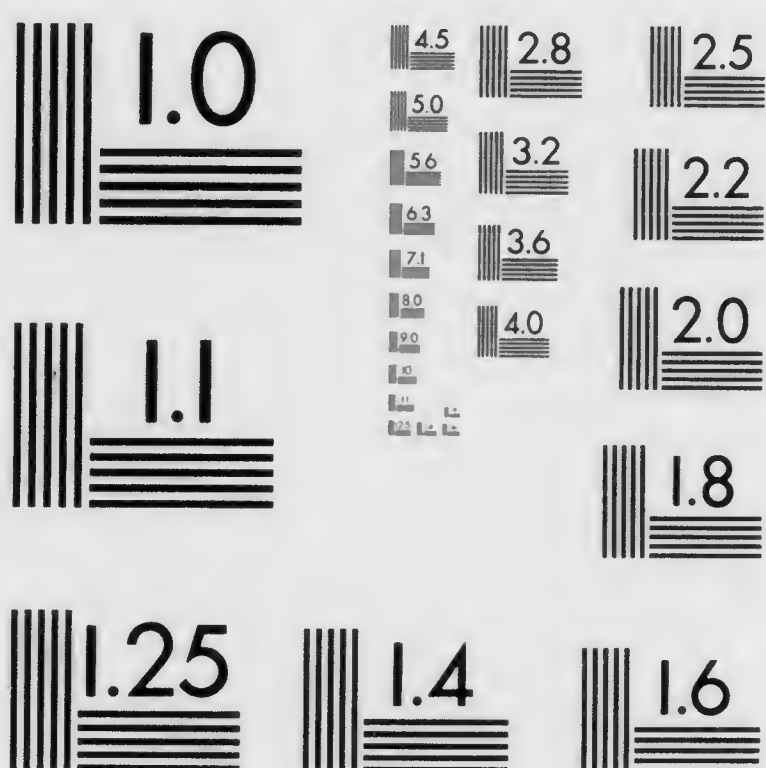
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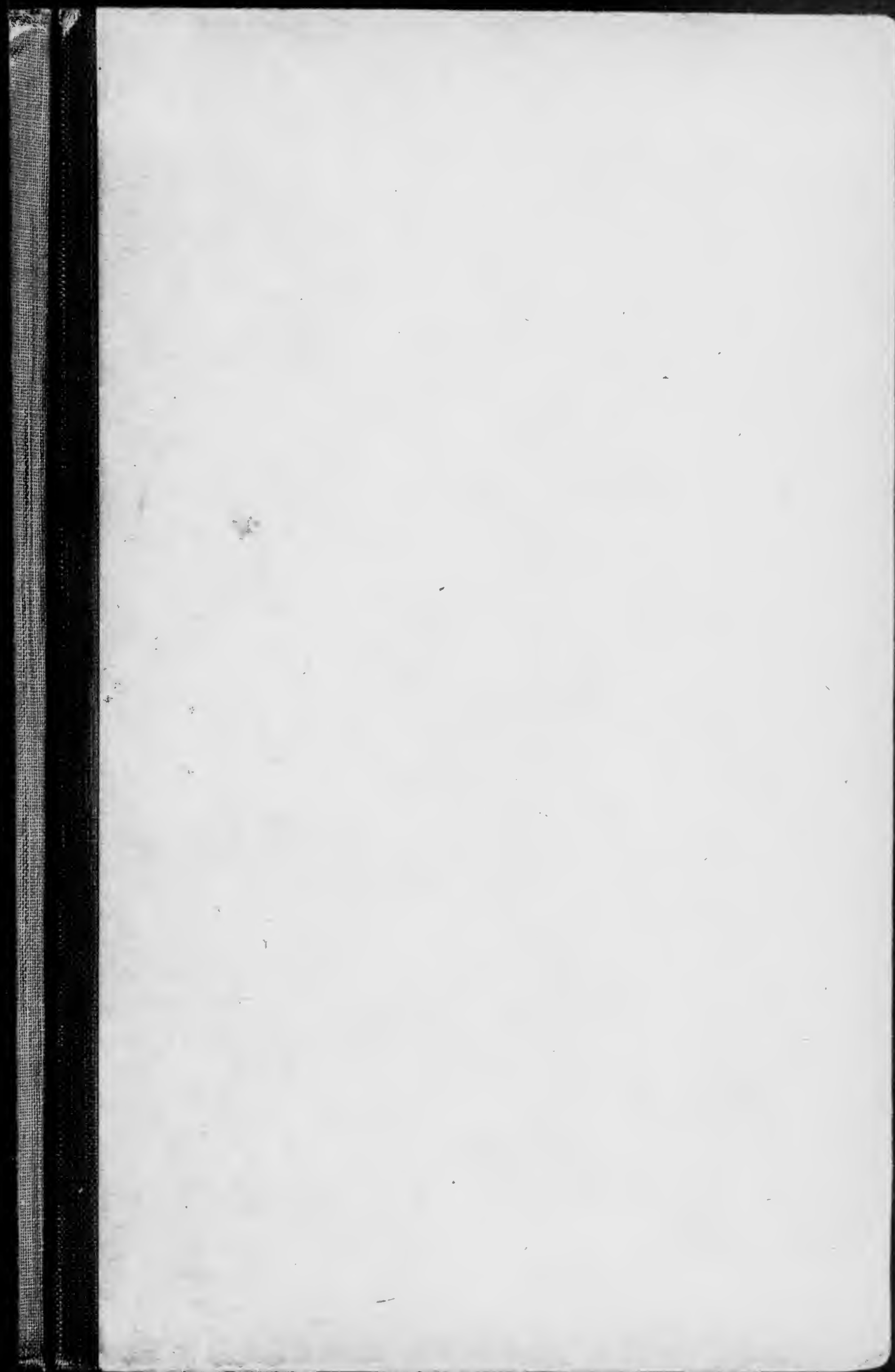
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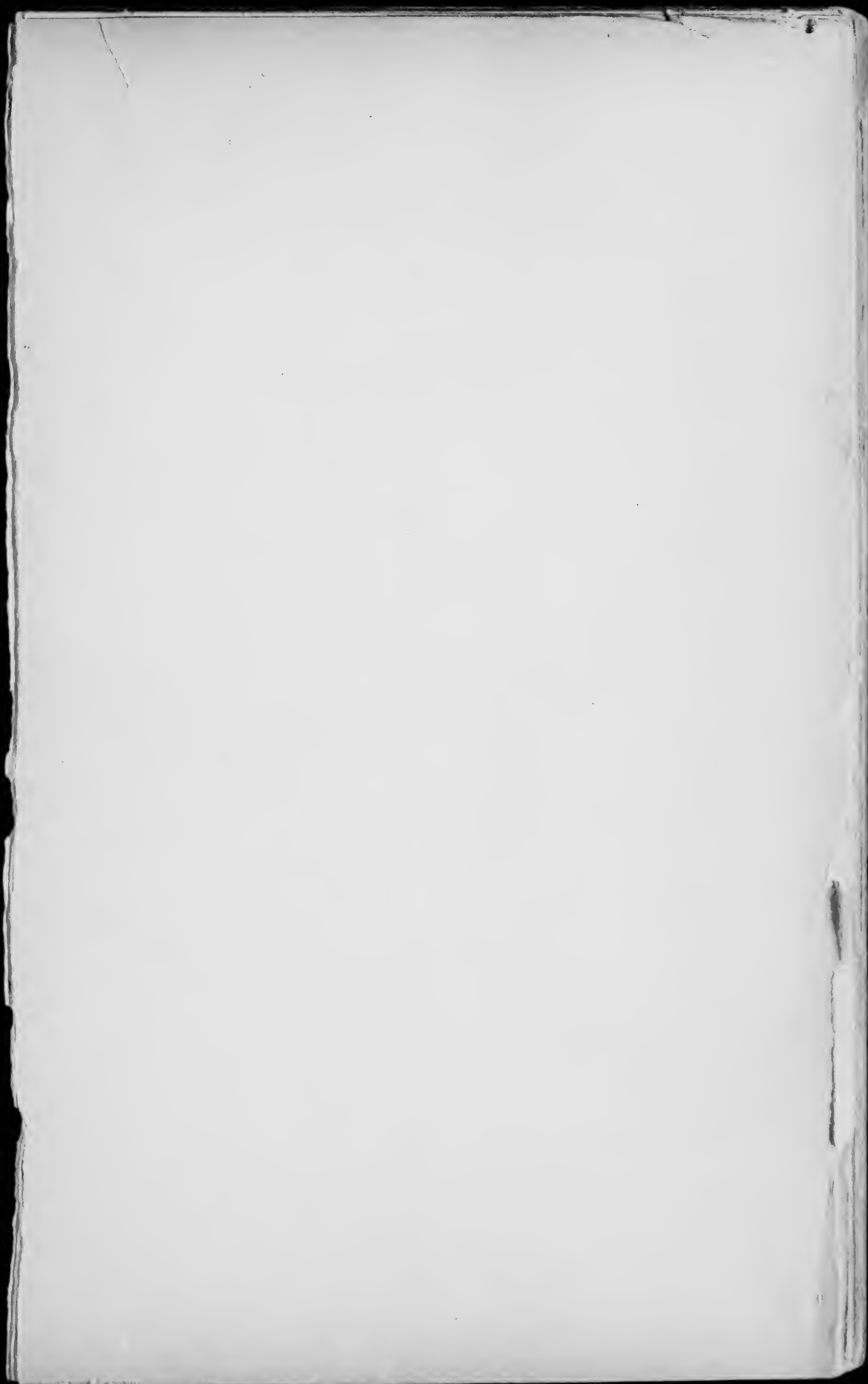
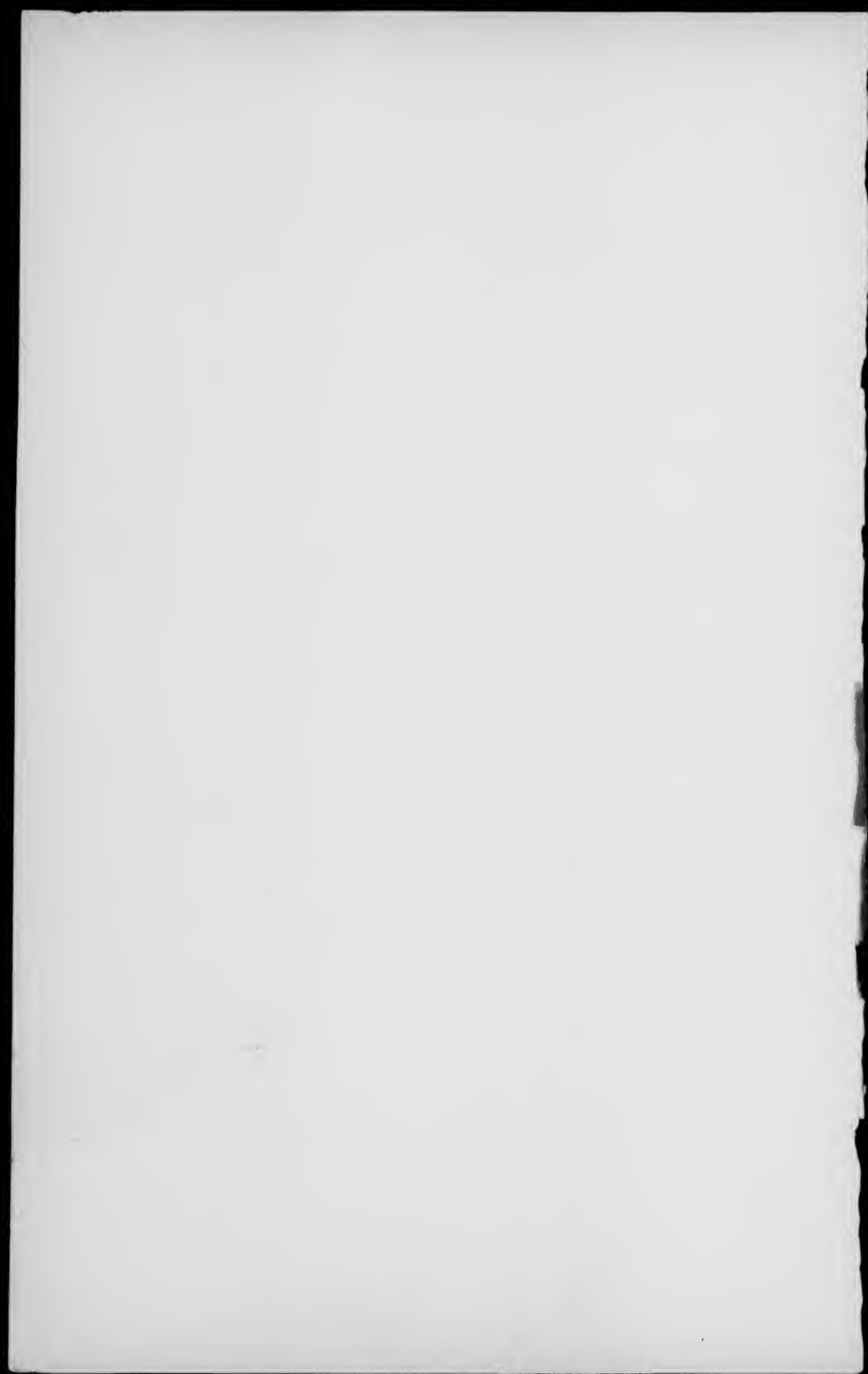
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METAMORPHOSES

METAMORPHOSES

(P. OVIDIUS NASO)

Book I

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE

BY

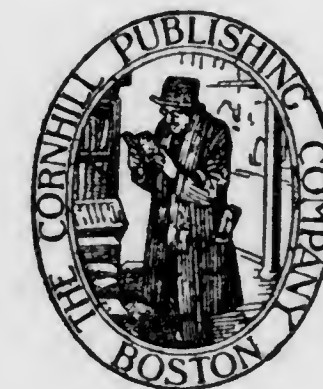
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With a Foreword by

FREDERIC ALLISON TUPPER



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TO MY SON
TRENCHARD MORE

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METAMORPHOSES

PREFACE

The eastern skies of modern thought are flushed with the dawn of a Classic revival. The transient dark ages of dollar education, finding neither comfort for the present nor hope for the future in such rewards as gross materialism affords, turn eagerly to the morning light of the ageless Classics. Again Homer's "unharvested", "loud-roaring" sea dashes with its consolatory monotone on the shores of time. Again the "rosy-fingered" Dawn is becoming something personal, living and loving. The recognition of the basic truth of the Greek tragedies, as essential to the full comprehension of the drama of modern life, is growing apace. Thomas Hardy, that supreme master of the truth that is "stranger than fiction", is in spirit a Greek. Not from scholars alone come the appeals for the restoration of the classics to their rightful throne usurped by the base impostors of superficiality and sham. So long as the words of Emerson,

*"What is excellent
As God lives, is permanent;"*

shall awaken sympathetic vibrations in the heart of man, so long shall "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" appeal to every lover of the truth.

PREFACE

The dramatic "*Homo sum*", of Terence, "I am a man and nothing human is foreign to my interest", evoked the enthusiastic applause of the ancients and will re-echo forever down the "corridors of time".

In view of these glad tidings of a great classic revival, it is a peculiar pleasure to announce Mr. Brookes More's poetical translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. The poet Ovid, too long misunderstood and underrated, has found a valiant champion and a faithful and sympathetic interpreter in Mr. More. Only a true poet can do justice to a brother poet of a different age and a different language. The heart in every age and in every tongue has a language all its own. And, so, the brilliant imagination, the unparalleled felicity of expression, and the matchless fluency of the classic poet, find in Mr. More an interpreter so competent, so loyal, and so felicitous, that the translation, so inadequately but admiringly introduced in this preface, is destined to become the standard translation of Ovid for the English-speaking world.

FREDERIC ALLISON TUPPER.

THE CREATION

My soul is wrought to sing of forms transformed
To bodies new and strange! Immortal Gods
Inspire my heart, for ye have changed yourselves
And all things you have changed! Oh lead my song
In smooth and measured strains, from olden days
When earth began to this completed time!

Before the ocean and the earth appeared —
Before the skies had overspread them all —
The face of Nature in a vast expanse
Was naught but Chaos uniformly waste.
It was a rude and undeveloped mass,
That nothing made except a ponderous weight;
And all discordant elements confused,
Were there congested in a shapeless heap.

As yet the sun afforded earth no light,
Nor did the moon renew her crescent horns;
The earth was not suspended in the air
Exactly balanced by her heavy weight.
Not far along the margin of the shores
Had Amphitritë stretched her lengthened arms,—

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

For all the land was mixed with sea and air.
The land was soft, the sea unfit to sail,
The atmosphere opaque, to naught was given
A proper form, in everything was strife,
And all was mingled in a seething mass —
With hot the cold parts strove, and wet with dry
And soft with hard and weight with empty void.

But God, or kindly Nature, ended strife —
He cut the land from skies, the sea from land,
The heavens ethereal from material air;
And when were all evolved from that dark mass
He bound the fractious parts in tranquil peace.
The fiery element of convex heaven
Leaped from the mass devoid of dragging weight,
And chose the summit-arch to which the air
As next in quality was next in place.
The earth more dense attracted grosser parts
And moved by gravity sank underneath;
And last of all the wide-surrounding waves
In deeper channels rolled around the globe.

THE CREATION

And when this God — which one is yet un-
known —
Had carved asunder that discordant mass,
Had thus reduced it to its elements,
That every part should equally combine,
When time began He rounded out the earth
And moulded it to form a mighty globe.
Then poured He forth the deeps and gave command
That they should billow in the rapid winds,
That they should compass every shore of earth. —
He also added fountains, pools and lakes,
And bound with shelving banks the slanting streams,
Which partly are absorbed and partly join
The boundless ocean. Thus received amid
The wide expanse of uncontrollèd waves,
They beat the shores instead of crooked banks.

At His command the boundless plains extend,
The valleys are depressed, the woods are clothed
In green, the stony mountains rise. And as
The heavens are intersected on the right

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

By two broad zones, by two that cut the left,
And by a fifth consumed with ardent heat,
With such a number did the careful God
Mark off the compassed weight, and thus the earth
Received as many climes. — Such heat consumes
The middle zone that none may dwell therein;
And two extremes are covered with deep snow;
And two are placed betwixt the hot and cold,
Which mixed together give a temperate clime;
And over all the atmosphere suspends
With weight proportioned to the fiery sky,
Exactly as the weight of earth compares
With weight of water.

And He ordered mist
To gather in the air and spread the clouds.
He fixed the thunders that disturb our souls,
And brought the lightning on destructive winds
That also waft the cold. Nor did the great
Artificer permit these mighty winds
To blow unbounded in the pathless skies,

THE CREATION

But each discordant brother fixed in space,
Although His power can scarce restrain their rage
To rend the universe. At His command
To far Aurora, Eurus took his way,
To Nabath, Persia, and that mountain range
First gilded by the dawn; and Zephyr's flight
Was towards the evening star and peaceful shores,
Warm with the setting sun; and Boreäs
Invaded Scythia and the northern snows;
And Auster wafted to the distant south
Where clouds and rain encompass his abode. —
And over these He fixed the liquid sky,
Devoid of weight and free from earthly dross.

And scarcely had He separated these
And fixed their certain bounds, when all the stars,
Which long were pressed and hidden in the mass,
Began to gleam out from the plains of heaven,
And traversed, with the Gods, bright ether fields:
And lest some part might be bereft of life
The gleaming waves were filled with twinkling fish;

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

The earth was covered with wild animals;
The agitated air was filled with birds. —

But one more perfect and more sanctified,
A being capable of lofty thought,
Intelligent to rule, was wanting still —
Man was created! Did the Unknown God
Designing then a better world make man
Of seed divine? or did He mingle earth
(So lately separated from the skies)
With flowing streams, and thus infuse the germs
Of highest heaven from which was given to life
Iäpetus, our sire, whose form was made
In image of the Gods that govern all? —
On earth the brute creation bends its gaze,
But man was given a lofty countenance
And was commanded to behold the skies;
And with an upright face may view the stars: —
And so it was that shapeless clay put on
The form of man till then unknown to earth.

THE FOUR AGES

First was the Golden Age. Then rectitude
Spontaneous in the heart prevailed, and faith.
Avengers were not seen, for laws unframed
Were all unknown and needless. Punishment
And fear of penalties existed not.
No harsh decrees were fixed on brazen plates.
No suppliant multitude the countenance
Of justice feared, averting, for they dwelt
Without a judge in peace. Descended not
The steeps, shorn from its hight, the lofty pine,
Cleaving the trackless waves of alien shores,
Nor distant realms were known to wandering men.
The towns were not entrenched for time of war;
They had no brazen trumpets, straight, nor horns
Of curving brass, nor helmets, shields nor swords.
There was no thought of martial pomp — secure
A happy multitude enjoyed repose.

Then of her own accord the earth produced
A store of every fruit. The harrow touched
Her not, nor did the plowshare wound

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

Her fields. And man content with given food,
And none compelling, gathered arbuté fruits
And wild strawberries on the mountain sides,
And ripe blackberries clinging to the bush,
And cornels and sweet acorns on the ground,
Down-fallen from the spreading tree of Jove.
Eternal Spring! Soft-breathing zephyrs soothed
And warmly cherished buds and blooms, produced
Without a seed. The valleys though unplowed
Gave many fruits; the fields though not renewed
White-glistened with the heavy bearded wheat:
Rivers flowed milk and nectar, and the bees
Distilled their golden stores in verdant oaks.

When Saturn had been banished into night
And all the world was ruled by Jove supreme,
The Silver Age, though not so good as gold
But still surpassing yellow brass, prevailed.

Jove first reduced to years the Primal Spring,
By him divided into periods four,
Unequal, — summer, autumn, winter, spring. —

THE FOUR AGES

Then glowed with tawny heat the parchèd air,
Or pendent icicles in winter froze
What time for shelter man in caverns crouched,
In bushes hid — or rods entwined with bark.
Then were the cereals planted in long rows,
And bullocks groaned beneath the heavy yoke.

The third Age followed, called The Age of Bronze,
When cruel people were inclined to arms
But not to impious crimes. And last of all
The ruthless and hard Age of Iron prevailed,
From which malignant vein great evil sprung;
And modesty and faith and truth took flight,
And in their stead deceits and snares and frauds
And violence and wicked love of gain,
Succeeded. — Then the sailor spread his sails
To winds unknown, and keels that long had stood
On lofty mountains pierced uncharted waves.
Surveyors anxious marked with metes and bounds
The lands, created free as light and air:
Nor need the rich ground furnish only crops,

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

And give due nourishment by right required, —
They penetrated to the bowels of earth
And dug up wealth, bad cause of all our ills, —
Rich ores which long ago the earth had hid
And deep removed to gloomy Stygian caves:
And soon destructive iron and harmful gold
Were brought to light; and War, which uses both,
Came forth and shook with sanguinary grip
His clashing arms. Rapacity broke forth —
The guest was not protected from his host,
The father-in-law from his own son-in-law;
Even brothers seldom could abide in peace.
The husband threatened to destroy his wife,
And she her husband: horrid step-dames mixed
The deadly henbane: eager sons inquired
Their fathers' ages. Piety was slain:
And last of all the virgin deity,
Astræa, vanished from the blood-stained earth.

GIANTS

And lest ethereal heights should long remain
Less troubled than the earth, the throne of Heaven
Was threatened by the Giants; and they piled
Mountain on mountain to the lofty stars.
But Jove, omnipotent, shot thunderbolts
Through Mount Olympus, and he overturned
From Ossa huge, enormous Pelion.
And while these dreadful bodies lay o'erwhelmed
In their tremendous bulk, (so fame reports)
The Earth was reeking with the copious blood
Of her gigantic sons; and thus replete
With moisture she infused the steaming gore
With life renewed. And lest a monument
Of that ferocious stock should thus remain,
She made that offspring in the shape of man; —
But this new race alike despised the Gods,
And by the greed of savage slaughter proved
A sanguinary birth.

LYCAÖN CHANGED TO A WOLF —

When, from his throne
Supreme, the Son of Saturn viewed their deeds,
He deeply groaned: and calling to his mind
The loathsome feast Lycaön had prepared,
A recent deed not common to report,
His soul conceived great anger — worthy Jove —
And he convened a council. No delay
Detained the chosen Gods.

When skies are clear
A path is well-defined on high, which men,
Because so white, have named the Milky-Way.
It makes a passage for the deities
And leads to mansions of the Thunder-God,
To Jove's imperial home. On either side
Of its wide portals noble Gods are seen,
Inferior Gods in other parts abide,
But there the potent and renowned of Heaven
Have fixed their homes. — It is a glorious place,
Our most audacious verse might designate

LYCAÖN CHANGED TO A WOLF —

The "Palace of High Heaven." When the Gods
Were seated, therefore, in its marble halls
The King of all above the throng sat high,
And leaning on his ivory scepter, thrice,
And once again he shook his awful locks,
Wherewith he moved the earth, and seas and stars,—
And thus indignantly began to speak;

"The time when serpent-footed giants strove
To fix their hundred arms on captive Heaven,
Not more than this event could cause alarm
For my dominion of the universe.
Although it was a savage enemy,
Yet warred we with a single source derived
Of one. Now must I utterly destroy
This mortal race wherever Nereus roars
Around the world. Yea, by the Infernal Streams
That glide through Stygian groves beneath the world,
I swear it. Every method has been tried.
The knife must cut immedicable wounds,
Lest maladies infect untainted parts.

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

“Beneath my sway are demi-gods and fauns,
Nymphs, rustic deities, sylvans of the hills,
Satyrs; — all these, unworthy Heaven’s abodes,
We should at least permit to dwell on earth
Which we to them bequeathed. What think ye, Gods,
Is safety theirs when I, your sovereign lord,
The Thunder-bolt Controller, am ensnared
By fierce Lycaön?” Ardent in their wrath,
The astonished Gods demand revenge o’ertake
This miscreant; he who dared commit such crimes.
’Twas even thus when raged that impious band
To blot the Roman name in sacred blood
Of Caesar, sudden apprehensive fears
Of ruin absolute astonished man,
And all the world convulsed. Nor is the love
Thy people bear to thee, Augustus, less
Than these displayed to Jupiter whose voice
And gesture all the murmuring host restrained:
And as indignant clamour ceased, suppressed
By regnant majesty, Jove once again
Broke the deep silence with imperial words;

LYCAON CHANGED TO A WOLF —

“Dismiss your cares; he paid the penalty:
However all the crime and punishment
Now learn from this: — An infamous report
Of this unholy age had reached my ears,
And wishing it were false, I sloped my course
From high Olympus, and — although a God —
Disguised in human form I viewed the world.
It would delay us to recount the crimes
Unnumbered, for reports were less than truth.

“I crossed o’er Mænalus where fearful dens
Abound, over Lycæus, wintry slopes
Of pine-tree groves, across Cyllenë steep;
And as the twilight warned of night’s approach,
I stopped in that Arcadian tyrant’s realms
And entered his inhospitable home: —
And when I showed his people that a God
Had come, the lowly prayed and worshiped me,
But this Lycaön mocked their pious vows
And scoffing said; ‘A fair experiment
Will prove the truth if this be God or man.’

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

And he prepared to slay me in the night, —
To end my slumbers in the sleep of death.
So made he merry with his impious proof;
But not content with this he cut the throat
Of a Molossian hostage sent to him,
And partly softened his still quivering limbs
In boiling water, partly roasted them
On fires that burned beneath. And when this flesh
Was served to me on tables, I destroyed
His dwelling and his worthless Household-Gods,
With thunder-bolts avenging. Terror-struck
He took to flight, and on the silent plains
Is howling in his vain attempts to speak;
He raves and rages and his greedy jaws,
Desiring their accustomed slaughter, turn
Against the sheep — still eager for their blood.
His vesture separates in shaggy hair,
His arms are changed to legs; and as a wolf
He has the same grey locks, the same hard face,
The same bright eyes, the same ferocious look.

THE DELUGE —

“Thus fell one house, but not one house alone
Deserved to perish; over all the earth
Ferocious deeds prevail, — all men conspire
In evil. Let them therefore feel the weight
Of dreadful penalties so justly earned
For such hath my unchanging will ordained.”

With exclamations some approved the words
Of Jove and added fuel to his wrath,
While others gave assent: but all deplored
And questioned the estate of earth deprived
Of mortals. Who would offer frankincense
Upon the altars? Would he suffer earth
To be despoiled by hungry beasts of prey?
Such idle questions of the state of man
The King of Gods forbade, but granted soon
To people earth with race miraculous,
Unlike the first. And now his thunder-bolts
Would Jove wide-scatter, but he feared the flames,
Unnumbered, sacred ether might ignite
And burn the axle of the universe:

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

And he remembered in the scroll of fate,
There is a time appointed when the sea
And earth and Heavens shall melt, and fire destroy
The universe of mighty labour wrought.
Such weapons by the skill of Cyclops forged,
For different punishment he laid aside —
For straightway he preferred to overwhelm
The mortal race beneath deep waves and storms
From every raining sky. And instantly
He shut the Northwind in Æolian caves,
And every other wind that might dispel
The gathering clouds. He bade the Southwind blow: —

The Southwind flies abroad with dripping wings,
Concealing in the gloom his awful face:
The drenching rain descends from his wet beard
And hoary locks; dark clouds are on his brows
And from his wings and garments drip the dews:
His great hands press the overhanging clouds;
Loudly the thunders roll; the torrents pour;
Iris, the messenger of Juno, clad

THE DELUGE —

In many-coloured raiment, upward draws
The steaming moisture to renew the clouds.

The standing grain is beaten to the ground,
The rustic's crops are scattered in the mire,
And he bewails the long year's fruitless toil.

The wrath of Jove was not content with powers
That emanate from Heaven; he brought to aid
His azure brother, lord of flowing waves,
Who called upon the Rivers and the Streams:
And when they entered his impearled abode,
Neptune, their ancient ruler, thus began;
"A long appeal is needless; pour ye forth
In rage of power; open up your fountains;
O'erwhelm all obstacles, and every stream
Pour forth in boundless floods." Thus he commands,
And none dissenting all the River-Gods
Return, and opening up their fountains roll
Tumultuous to the deep unfruitful sea.

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

And Neptune with his trident smote the Earth,
Which trembling with unwonted throes heaved up
The sources of her waters bare; and through
Her open plains the rapid rivers rushed
Resistless, onward bearing the waving grain,
The budding groves, the houses, sheep and men, — —
And holy temples, and their sacred urns.
The mansions that remained, resisting vast
And total ruin, deepening waves concealed
And whelmed their tottering turrets in the flood
And whirling gulf. And now one vast expanse,
The land and sea were mingled in the waste
Of endless waves — a sea without a shore.

One desperate man seized on the nearest hill;
Another sitting in his curvèd boat,
Plied the long oar where he was wont to plow;
Another sailed above his grain, above
His hidden dwelling; and another hooked
A fish that sported in a leafy elm.
Perchance an anchor dropped in verdant fields,

THE DELUGE —

Or curving keels were pushed through tangled vines;
And where the gracile goat enjoyed the green,
Unsightly seals reposed. Beneath the waves
Were wondering Nereids, viewing cities, groves
And houses. Dolphins darting mid the trees,
Meshed in the twisted branches, beat against
The shaken oak trees. There the sheep, affrayed,
Swim with the frightened wolf, the surging waves
Bear tigers and lions: availeth naught
His lightning-shock the wild boar, nor avails
The stag's fleet-footed speed. The wandering bird,
Seeking umbrageous groves and hidden vales,
With wearied pinion droops into the sea.
The waves increasing surge above the hills,
And rising waters dash on mountain tops.
Myriads by the waves are swept away,
And those the waters spare, for lack of food,
Starvation slowly overcomes at last.

A fruitful land and fair but now submerged
Beneath a wilderness of rising waves,
'Twixt Actë and Aönia, Phocis lies,

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

Where through the clouds Parnassus' summits twain
Point upward to the stars, unmeasured hight,
Save which the rolling billows covered all:
There in a small and fragile boat, arrived,
Deucalion and the consort of his couch,
Prepared to worship the Corycian Nymphs,
The mountain deities, and Themis kind,
Who in that age revealed in oracles
The voice of fate. As he no other lived
So good and just, as she no other feared
The Gods.

When Jupiter beheld the globe
In ruin covered, swept with wasting waves,
When he beheld one man of myriads left,
One helpless woman left of myriads lone,
Both innocent and worshipping the Gods,
He scattered all the clouds; he blew away
The great storms by the cold northwind.

Once more

The earth appeared to heaven and the skies
Appeared to earth. The fury of the main

THE DELUGE—

Abated, for the Ocean-ruler laid
His trident down and pacified the waves,
And called on azure Triton. — Triton arose
Above the waving seas, his shoulders mailed
In purple shells. — He bade the Triton blow,
Blow in his sounding shell, the wandering streams
And rivers to recall with signal known:
A hollow-wreathéd trumpet, tapering wide
And slender-stemmed, the Triton took amain
And wound the pearly shell at midmost sea.
Betwixt the rising and the setting suns
The wildered notes resounded shore to shore,
And as it touched his lips, wet with the brine
Beneath his dripping beard, sounded retreat:
And all the waters of the land and sea
Obeyed. Their fountains heard and ceased to flow;
Their waves subsided; hidden hills uprose;
Emerged the shores of ocean; channels filled
With flowing streams; the soil appeared; the land
Increased its surface as the waves decreased:
And after length of days the trees put forth,
With ooze on bending boughs, their naked tops.

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

And all the wasted globe was now restored,
But as he viewed the vast and silent world
Deucalion wept and thus to Pyrrha spake;
“O sister! wife! alone of woman left!
My kindred in descent and origin!
Dearest companion of my marriage-bed,
Doubly endeared by deepening dangers borne, —
Of all the dawn and eve behold of earth,
But you and I are left — for the deep sea
Has kept the rest! And what prevents the tide
From overwhelming us? Remaining clouds
Affright us. How could you endure your fears
If you alone were rescued by this fate,
And who would then console your bitter grief?
Oh be assured, if you were buried in the waves,
That I would follow you and be with you!
Oh would that by my father’s art I might
Restore the people, and inspire this clay
To take the form of man. Alas, the Gods
Decreed and only we are living!” Thus
Deucalion’s plaint to Pyrrha; — and they wept.

THE DELUGE —

And after he had spoken, they resolved
To ask the aid of sacred oracles, —
And so they hastened to Cephissian waves
Which rolled a turbid flood in channels known.
Thence when their robes and brows were sprinkled o’er,
They turned their footsteps to the Goddess’ fane:
Its gables were befouled with reeking moss
And on its altars every fire was cold.
But when the twain had reached the temple steps
They fell upon the earth, inspired with awe,
And kissed the cold stone with their trembling lips,
And said; “If righteous prayers appease the Gods,
And if the wrath of high celestial powers
May thus be turned, declare, O Themis! whence
And what the art may raise humanity?
O gentle Goddess help the dying world!”

Moved by their supplications, she replied;
“Depart from me and veil your brows; ungird
Your robes, and cast behind you as you go,
The bones of your great mother.” Long they stood

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

In dumb amazement: Pyrrha, first of voice,
Refused the mandate and with trembling lips
Implored the Goddess to forgive — she feared
To violate her mother's bones and vex
Her sacred spirit. Often pondered they
The words involved in such obscurity,
Repeating oft: and thus Deucalion
To Epimetheus' daughter uttered speech
Of soothing import; "Oracles are just
And urge not evil deeds, or naught avails
The skill of thought. Our mother is the Earth,
And I may judge the stones of earth are bones
That we should cast behind us as we go."

And although Pyrrha by his words was moved
She hesitated to comply; and both amazed
Doubted the purpose of the oracle,
But deemed no harm to come of trial. They,
Descending from the temple, veiled their heads
And loosed their robes and threw some stones
Behind them. It is much beyond belief,

THE PYTHIAN GAMES —

Were not receding ages witness, hard
And rigid stones assumed a softer form,
Enlarging as their brittle nature changed
To milder substance, till the shape of man
Appeared, imperfect, faintly outlined first,
As marble statue chiseled in the rough.
The soft moist parts were changed to softer flesh,
The hard and brittle substance into bones,
The veins retained their ancient name. And now
The Gods supreme ordained that every stone
Deucalion threw should take the form of man,
And those by Pyrrha cast should woman's form
Assume: so are we hardy to endure
And prove by toil and deeds from what we sprung.

THE PYTHIAN GAMES —

And after this the Earth spontaneous
Produced the world of animals, when all
Remaining moistures of the mirey fens
Fermented in the sun, and fruitful seeds
In soils nutritious grew to shapes ordained.

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

So when the seven-streamed Nile from oozy fields
Returneth duly to her ancient bed,
The sun's ethereal rays impregn the slime,
That haply as the peasants turn the soil
They find strange animals unknown before:
Some in the moment of their birth, and some
Deprived of limbs, imperfect; often part
Alive and part of slime inanimate
Behold they in one body. Heat combined
With moisture so conceives and life results
From these two things. For though the flames may be
The foes of water, everything that lives
Begins in humid vapour, and it seems
Discordant concord is the means of life.

When Earth, spread over with diluvian ooze,
Felt heat ethereal from the glowing sun,
Unnumbered species to the light she gave,
And gave to being many an ancient form,
Or monster new-created. Unwilling she
Created thus enormous Python. — Thou

THE PYTHIAN GAMES —

Unheard-of serpent spread so far athwart
The side of a vast mountain didst fill with fear
The race of new-created man. The God
That bears the bow (a weapon used till then
Only to hunt the deer and agile goat)
Destroyed the monster with a myriad darts,
And almost emptied all his quiver, till
Envenomed gore oozed forth from livid wounds.

Lest in a dark oblivion time should hide
The fame of this achievement, sacred sports
He instituted, from the Python called
"The Pythian Games." In these the happy youth
Who proved victorious in the chariot race,
Running and boxing, with an honoured crown
Of oak-leaves was enwreathed. The laurel then
Was not created, wherefore Phœbus, bright
And godlike, beauteous with his flowing hair,
Was wont to wreath his brows with various leaves.

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

DAPHNE AND PHŒBUS —

Daphne, the daughter of a River-God
Was first beloved by Phœbus, the great God
Of glorious light. 'Twas not a cause of chance
But out of Cupid's vengeful spite that she
Was fated to torment the lord of light.
For Phœbus, proud of Python's death, beheld
That impish God of Love upon a time
When he was bending his diminished bow,
And voicing his contempt in anger said;

“What, wanton boy, are mighty arms to thee,
Great weapons suited to the needs of war?
The bow is only for the use of those
Large deities of heaven whose strength may deal
Wounds, mortal, to the savage beasts of prey;
And who courageous overcome their foes. —
It is a proper weapon to the use
Of such as slew with arrows Python, huge,
Whose pestilential carcase vast extent
Covered. Content thee with the flames thy torch

DAPHNE AND PHŒBUS —

Enkindles (fires too subtle for my thought)
And leave to me the glory that is mine.”

To him, undaunted, Venus' son replied;
“O Phœbus, thou canst conquer all the world
With thy strong bow and arrows, but with this
Small arrow I shall pierce thy vaunting breast!
And by the measure that thy might exceeds
The broken powers of thy defeated foes,
So is thy glory less than mine.” No more
He said, but with his wings expanded thence
Flew lightly to Parnassus' lofty peak.
There, from his quiver he plucked arrows twain,
Most curiously wrought of different art,
One love exciting, one repelling love.
The dart of love was glittering, gold and sharp,
The other had a blunted tip of lead;
And with that dull lead dart he shot the Nymph,
But with the keen point of the golden dart
He pierced the bone and marrow of the God.

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

Immediately the one with love was filled,
The other, scouting at the thought of love,
Rejoiced in the deep shadow of the woods,
And as the virgin Phœbe (who denies
The joys of love and loves the joys of chase)
A maiden's fillet bound her flowing hair, —
And her pure mind denied the love of man.
Beloved and wooed she wandered silent paths,
For never could her modesty endure
The glance of man or listen to his love.

Her grieving father spoke to her, "Alas,
My daughter, I have wished a son-in-law,
For thou dost owe a grandchild to the joy
Of my old age." But Daphne only hung
Her head to hide her shame. The nuptial torch
Seemed criminal to her. She even clung,
Caressing, with her arms around his neck,
And pled, "My dearest father let me live
A virgin always, for remember thou
Didst give me to Diana at my birth."

DAPHNE AND PHŒBUS —

But though her father promised her desire,
Her loveliness prevailed against her will;
For, Phœbus when he saw her waxed distraught,
And filled with wonder his sick fancy raised
Delusive hopes, and his own oracles
Deceived him. — As the stubble in the field
Flares up, or as the stacked wheat is consumed
By flames, enkindled from a spark or torch
The chance pedestrian may neglect at dawn;
So was the bosom of the God consumed,
And so desire flamed in his stricken heart.

He saw her bright hair waving on her neck; —
"How beautiful if properly arranged!"
He saw her eyes like stars of sparkling fire,
Her lips for kissing sweetest, and her hands
And fingers and her arms; her shoulders white
As ivory; — and whatever was not seen
More beautiful must be.

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

Swift as the wind
From his pursuing feet the virgin fled,
And neither stopped nor heeded as he called;
“O Nymph! O Daphne! I entreat thee stay,
It is no enemy that follows thee —
Why, so the lamb leaps from the raging wolf,
And from the lion runs the timid faun,
And from the eagle flies the trembling dove,
All hasten from their natural enemy
But I alone pursue for my dear love.
Alas, if thou shouldst fall and mar thy face,
Or tear upon the bramble thy soft thighs,
Or should I prove unwilling cause of pain!

“The wilderness is rough and dangerous,
And I beseech thee be more careful — I
Will follow slowly. — Ask of whom thou wilt,
And thou shalt learn that I am not a churl —
I am no mountain-dweller of rude caves,
Nor clown compelled to watch the sheep and goats;
And neither canst thou know from whom thy feet
Fly fearful, or thou wouldst not leave me thus.

DAPHNE AND PHŒBUS —

“The Delphic Land, the Pataræan Realm,
Claros and Tenedos revere my name,
And my immortal sire is Jupiter.
The present, past and future are through me
In sacred oracles revealed to man,
And from my harp the harmonies of sound
Are borrowed by their bards to praise the Gods.
My bow is certain, but a flaming shaft
Surpassing mine has pierced my heart —
Untouched before. The art of medicine
Is my invention, and the power of herbs,
But though the world declare my useful works
There is no herb to medicate my wound,
And all the arts that save have failed their lord.”

But even as he made his plaint, the Nymph
With timid footsteps fled from his approach,
And left him to his murmurs and his pain.

Lovely the virgin seemed as the soft wind
Exposed her limbs, and as the zephyrs fond
Fluttered amid her garments, and the breeze

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

Fanned lightly in her flowing hair. She seemed
Most lovely to his fancy in her flight;
And mad with love he followed in her steps,
And silent hastened his increasing speed.

As when the greyhound sees the frightened hare
Flit o'er the plain: — With eager nose outstretched,
Impetuous, he rushes on his prey,
And gains upon her till he treads her feet,
And almost fastens in her side his fangs;
But she, whilst dreading that her end is near,
Is suddenly delivered from her fright;
So was it with the God and virgin: one
With hope pursued, the other fled in fear;
And he who followed, borne on wings of love,
Permitted her no rest and gained on her,
Until his warm breath mingled in her hair.

Her strength spent, pale and faint, with pleading eyes
She gazed upon her father's waves and prayed,
"Help me my father, if thy flowing streams

DAPHNE AND PHŒBUS —

Have virtue! Cover me, O mother Earth!
Destroy the beauty that has injured me,
Or change the body that destroys my life."

Before her prayer was ended, torpor seized
On all her body, and a thin bark closed
Around her gentle bosom, and her hair
Became as moving leaves; her arms were changed
To waving branches, and her active feet
As clinging roots were fastened to the ground —
Her face was hidden with encircling leaves. —

Phœbus admired and loved the graceful tree,
(For still, though changed, her slender form remained)
And with his right hand lingering on the trunk
He felt her bosom throbbing in the bark.
He clung to trunk and branch as though to twine
His form with hers, and fondly kissed the wood
That shrank from every kiss.

And thus the God;
"Although thou canst not be my bride, thou shalt
Be called my chosen tree, and thy green leaves,

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

O Laurel! shall forever crown my brows,
Be wreathed around my quiver and my lyre;
The Roman heroes shall be crowned with thee,
As long processions climb the Capitol
And chanting throngs proclaim their victories;
And as a faithful warden thou shalt guard
The civic crown of oak-leaves fixed between
Thy branches, and before Augustan gates.
And as my youthful head is never shorn,
So, also, shalt thou ever bear thy leaves
Unchanging to thy glory."

Here the God,

Phœbus, Apollo, ended his lament,
And unto him the Laurel bent her boughs,
So lately fashioned; and it seemed to him
Her graceful nod gave answer to his love.

IÖ AND JUPITER

There is a grove in Thessaly, enclosed
On every side with crags, precipitous, —
On which a forest grows — and this is called

IÖ AND JUPITER

The Vale of Tempë — through this valley flows
The River Peneüs, white with foaming waves,
That issue from the foot of Pindus, whence
With sudden fall up-gather steamy clouds
That sprinkle mist upon the circling trees,
And far away with mighty roar resound.
It is the abode, the solitary home,
That mighty River loves, where deep in gloom
Of rocky cavern, he resides and rules
The flowing waters and the water-nymphs
Abiding there. All rivers of that land
Now hasten thither, doubtful to console
Or flatter Daphne's parent: poplar-crowned
Sperchios, swift Enipeus and the wild
Amphrysos, old Apidanus and Æas,
With all their kindred streams that wandering maze
And wearied seek the ocean. Inachus
Alone is absent, hidden in his cave
Obscure, deepening his waters with his tears —
Most wretchedly bewailing, for he deems
His daughter Iö lost; and if she lives

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

Or roams a spirit in the nether shades
He dare not even guess but dreads the worst.

For Jove not long before had seen her while
Returning from her father's stream, and said;
"O virgin, worthy of immortal Jove,
Although some happy mortal's chosen bride, —
Behold these shades of overhanging trees,
And seek their cool recesses while the sun
Is glowing in the hight of middle skies —"
And as he spoke he pointed out the groves —
"But should the dens of wild beasts frighten thee,
Thou canst with safety enter the deep woods,
Conducted by a God — not with a God
Of small repute, but in the care of him
Who holds the heavenly scepter in his hand
And fulminates the trackless thunder-bolts. —
Forsake me not!" For while he spoke she fled,
And swiftly left behind the pasture-fields
Of Lerna, and Lyrceä's arbours, where
The trees are planted thickly. But the God

IÖ AND JUPITER

Called forth a heavy shadow which involved
The wide-extended earth, and stopped her flight
And ravished in that cloud her chastity.

Meanwhile, the Goddess Juno gazing down
On earth's expanse, with wonder saw the clouds
As dark as night enfold those middle fields
While day was bright above. She was convinced
The clouds were none composed of river-mist
Nor raised from marshy fens. Suspicious now,
From oft-detected amours of her spouse,
She glanced around to find her absent lord;
And after she had found him far from heaven,
She thus exclaimed; "This cloud deceives my mind,
Or Jove has wronged me." From the dome of heaven
She glided down and stood upon the earth,
And bade the clouds recede. But Jove had known
The coming of his queen. He had transformed
The lovely Iö, so that she appeared
A milk-white heifer — formed so beautiful
And fair that envious Juno gazed on her.

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

She queried: "Whose? what herd? what pasture fields?"
As if she guessed no knowledge of the truth.
And Jupiter, false-hearted, said the cow
Was earth-begotten, for he feared his queen
Might make inquiry of the owner's name.
Juno implored the heifer as a gift. —
What then was left the Father of the Gods?
'Twould be a cruel thing to sacrifice
His own belovèd to a rival's wrath.
Although refusal must imply his guilt
The shame and love of her almost prevailed;
But if a present of such little worth
Were now denied the sharer of his couch,
The partner of his birth, 'twould prove indeed
The earth-born heifer other than she seemed —
And so he gave his mistress up to her.

Juno regardful of Jove's cunning art,
Lest he might change her to her human form,
Gave the unhappy heifer to the charge
Of Argus, Aristoridës, whose head

IÖ AND JUPITER

Was circled with a hundred glowing eyes;
Of which but two did slumber in their turn
Whilst all the others kept on watch and guard.

Whichever way he stood his gaze was fixed
On Iö — even if he turned away
His watchful eyes on Iö still remained.
He let her feed by day; but when the sun
Was under the deep world he shut her up,
And tied a rope around her tender neck.

She fed upon green leaves and bitter herbs,
And slept upon the ground too often bare.
She could not rest upon a cushioned couch.
She drank the troubled waters. Hoping aid
She tried to stretch imploring arms to Argus,
But all in vain for now no arms remained;
The sound of bellowing was all she heard,
And she was frightened with her proper voice.

Where former days she loved to roam and sport,
She wandered by the banks of Inachus:
There imaged in the stream she saw her horns

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

And, startled, turned and fled. And Inachus
And all her sister Naiads knew her not,
Although she followed them, they knew her not;
Although she suffered them to touch her sides
And praise her.

When the ancient Inachus
Gathered sweet herbs and offered them to her,
She licked his hands, kissing her father's palms,
Nor could she more restrain her falling tears.
If only words as well as tears would flow,
She might implore his aid and tell her name
And all her sad misfortune; but, instead,
She traced in dust the letters of her name
With cloven hoof; and thus her sad estate
Was known.

"Ah wretched me!" her father cried;
And as he clung around her horns and neck
Repeated while she groaned, "Ah wretched me!
Art thou my daughter sought in every clime?
When lost I could not grieve for thee as now

IÖ AND JUPITER

That thou art found; thy sighs instead of words
Heave up from thy deep breast, thy lowings give
Me answer. I prepared the nuptial torch
And bridal chamber, in my ignorance,
Since my first hope was for a son-in-law;
And then I dreamed of children from the match:
But now the herd may furnish thee a mate,
And all thy issue of the herd must be.
Oh that a righteous death would end my grief! —
It is a dreadful thing to be a God!
Behold the lethal gate of death is shut
Against me, and my growing grief must last
Throughout eternity."

While thus he moaned
Came starry Argus there, and Iö bore
From her lamenting father. Thence he led
His charge to other pastures; and removed
From her, upon a lofty mountain sat,
Whence he could always watch her, undisturbed.

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

The Sovereign God no longer could endure
To witness Iö's woes. He called his son,
Whom Maia brightest of the Pleiadës
Brought forth, and bade him slay the star-eyed guard,
Argus. He seized his sleep-compelling wand
And fastened waving wings on his swift feet,
And deftly fixed his brimmed hat on his head: —
Lo, Mercury, the favoured son of Jove,
Descending to the earth from heaven's plains,
Put off his cap and wings, — though still retained
His wand with which he drove through pathless wilds
Some stray she-goats, and as a shepherd fared,
Piping on oaten reeds melodious tunes.

Argus, delighted with the charming sound
Of this new art began; "Whoe'er thou art,
Sit with me on this stone beneath the trees
In cooling shade, whilst browse the tended flock
Abundant herbs; for thou canst see the shade
Is fit for shepherds." Wherefore, Mercury
Sat down beside the keeper and conversed
Of various things — passing the laggard hours. —

IÖ AND JUPITER

Then soothly piped he on the joinèd reeds
To lull those ever-watchful eyes asleep;
But Argus strove his languor to o'ercome,
And though some drowsy eyes might slumber, still
Were some that vigil kept. Again he spoke,
(For that the pipes were yet a recent art)
"I pray thee tell what chance discovered these."

To him the God, "A famous Naiad dwelt
Among the Hamadryads, on the cold
Arcadian summit Nonacris, whose name
Was Syrinx. Often she escaped the Gods,
That wandered in the groves of sylvan shades,
And often fled from Satyrs that pursued.
Vowing virginity, in all pursuits
She strove to emulate Diana's ways:
And as that graceful Goddess wears her robe,
So Syrinx girded hers that one might well
Believe Diana there. Even though her bow
Were made of horn, Diana's wrought of gold,
Yet might she well deceive.

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

“Now chanced it Pan,
Whose head was girt with prickly pines, espied
The Nymph returning from the Lycian Hill,
And these words uttered he:” — But Mercury
Refrained from further speech, and Pan’s appeal
Remains untold. If he had told it all,
The tale of Syrinx would have followed thus: —

But she despised the prayers of Pan, and fled
Through pathless wilds until she had arrived
The placid Ladon’s sandy stream, whose waves
Prevented her escape. There she implored
Her sister Nymphs to change her form: and Pan,
Believing he had caught her, held instead
Some marsh-reeds for the body of the Nymph;
And whilst he sighed the moving winds began
To utter plaintive music in the reeds,
So sweet and voice-like that poor Pan exclaimed;
“Forever this discovery shall remain
A sweet communion binding thee to me.” —
And this explains why reeds of different length,

IÖ AND JUPITER

When joined together by cementing wax,
Derive the name of Syrinx from the maid.

Such words the bright God Mercury would say;
But now perceiving Argus’ eyes were dimmed
In languorous doze, he hushed his voice and touched
The drooping eyelids with his magic wand,
Compelling slumber. Then without delay
He struck the sleeper with his crescent sword,
Where neck and head unite, and hurled his head,
Blood-dripping, down the rocks and rugged cliff.

Low lies Argus: dark is the light of all
His hundred eyes, his many-orbèd lights
Extinguished in the universal gloom
That night surrounds; but Saturn’s daughter spread
Their glister on the feathers of her bird,
Emblazoning its tail with starry gems.

Juno made haste, inflamed with towering rage,
To vent her wrath on Iö; and she raised
In thought and vision of the Grecian girl

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

A dreadful Fury. Stings invisible,
And pitiless, she planted in her breast,
And drove her wandering throughout the globe.

The utmost limit of her laboured way,
O Nile, thou didst remain. Which, having reached,
And placed her tired knees on that river's edge,
She laid her there, and as she raised her neck
Looked upward to the stars, and groaned and wept
And mournfully bellowed: trying thus to plead,
By all the means she had, that Jupiter
Might end her miseries. Repentant Jove
Embraced his consort, and entreated her
To end the punishment: "Fear not," he said,
"For she shall trouble thee no more." He spake,
And called on bitter Styx to hear his oath.

And now imperial Juno, pacified,
Permitted Iö to resume her form. —
At once the hair fell from her snowy sides;
The horns absorbed, her dilate orbs decreased;

IÖ AND JUPITER

The opening of her jaws contracted; hands
Appeared and shoulders; and each transformed hoof
Became five nails. And every mark or form
That gave the semblance of a heifer changed,
Except her fair white skin; and the glad Nymph
Was raised erect and stood upon her feet.
But long the very thought of speech, that she
Might bellow as a heifer, filled her mind
With terror, till the words so long forgot
For some sufficient cause were tried once more.

And since that time, the linen-wearing throng
Of Egypt have adored her as a God;
For they believe the seed of Jove prevailed;
And when her time was due she bore to him
A son called Epaphus; who also dwells
In temples with his mother in that land.

Now Phaëton, whose father was the Sun,
Was equal to his rival, Epaphus,
In mind and years; and he was fain to boast

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

Of wonders, nor would yield to Epaphus
For pride of Phœbus, his reputed sire.
Unable to endure it, Iö's son
Thus mocked him; "Thou demented fellow, what
Wilt thou not credit if thy mother speaks,
Thou art so puffed up with the fond conceit
Of thy imagined sire, the Lord of Day."

Shame crimsoned in his cheeks, but Phaëton
Withholding rage, reported all the taunts
Of Epaphus to Clymenë his mother:
" 'Twill grieve thee, mother, I, the bold and free,
Was silent; and it shames me to report
This dark reproach remains unchallenged. Thou,
If I am born of race divine, give proof
Of that illustrious descent and claim
My right to Heaven." Around his mother's neck
He drew his arms, and by the head of Merops,
And by his own, and by the nuptial torch
Of his beloved sisters, he implored
For some true token of his origin.

IÖ AND JUPITER

Or moved by Phaëton's importuned words,
Or by the grievous charge, who might declare?
She raised her arms to Heaven, and gazing full
Upon the broad sun said; "I swear to thee
By yonder orb, so radiant and bright,
Which both beholds and hears us while we speak,
That thou art his begotten son. — Thou art
The child of that great light which sways the world:
And if I have not spoken what is true,
Let not mine eyes behold his countenance,
And let this fatal moment be the last
That I shall look upon the light of day!
Nor will it weary you, my son, to reach
Your father's dwelling; for the very place
Where he appears at dawn is near our land.
Go, if it please you, and the very truth
Learn from your father." Instantly sprang forth
Exultant Phaëton. Overjoyed with words
So welcome, he imagined he could leap
And touch the skies. And so he passed his land
Of Ethiopia, and the Indies, hot

METAMORPHOSES — BOOK I

Beneath the tawny sun, and there he turned
His footsteps to his father's Land of Dawn.

